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THE
S E R M O N S
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Mr. Y O R I C K.

V O L. I.

STERNE. (Lawrence)
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D U B L I N:

Printed for G. FAULKNER, P. WILSON, H.
BRADLEY, and W. SMITH, Jun. Booksellers.

MDCCLX.

THE
SERMONS
OF
M. YORICK



DUBLIN:

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SERMONS

BY

LAURENCE STERNE,
A. M. Prebendary of York, and
Vicar of Sutton on the Forest, and
of Stillington near York.

VOL. I.

SERMONS



L. AUREN
A. M. Prebendary of York, and
A. M. Prebendary of the Forest, and
of Stillington near York.

VOL. I.

PREFACE.

THE sermon which gave rise to the publication of these, having been offered to the world as a sermon of *Norrick's*, I hope the most serious reader will find nothing to offend him, in my continuing these two volumes under the same title: lest it should be otherwise, I have added a second title page with the real name of the author:—the first

will serve the bookfeller's purpose, as *Yorick's* name is possibly of the two the more known;—and the second will ease the minds of those who see a jest, and the danger which lurks under it, where no jest was meant.

I suppose it is needless to inform the publick, that the reason of printing these sermons, arises altogether from the favourable reception, which the sermon given as a sample of them in *TRISTRAM SHANDY*, met with from the world;—
That

P R E F A C E. vii

That sermon was printed by itself some years ago, but could find neither purchasers or readers, so that I apprehended little hazard from a promise I made upon its republication, "That if the sermon was liked, these should be also so at the world's service;" which, to be as good as my word, they here are, and I pray God, they may do the service I wish it. I have little to say in their behalf, except this, that not one of them was composed with any thoughts of being printed,---

they have been hastily wrote, and carry the marks of it along with them. ---- This may be no recommendation ; ---- I mean it however as such ; for as the sermons turn chiefly upon philanthropy, and those kindred virtues to it, upon which hang all the law and the prophets, I trust they will be no less felt, or worse received, for the evidence they bear, of proceeding more from the heart than the head. I have nothing to add, but that the reader, upon old and beaten subjects, must not look for many

many new thoughts, --- 'tis well if he has new language; in three or four passages where he has neither the one or the other, I have quoted the author I made free with --- there are some other passages, where I suspect I may have taken the same liberty, --- but 'tis only suspicion, for I do not remember it is so, otherwise I should have restored them to their proper owners, so that I put it in here more as a general saving, than from a consciousness of having much to answer for upon that score: in this

however, and every thing else, which I offer, or shall offer to the world, I rest, with a heart much at ease, upon the protection of the humane and candid, from whom I have received many favours, for which I beg leave to return them thanks---thanks.

S E R M O N

S E R M O N I.

Inquiry after Happiness.

P S A L M IV. 5, 6.

*There be many that say, who will shew us
any good?—Lord lift thou up the light
of thy countenance upon us.*

THE great pursuit of man is after happiness: it is the first and strongest desire of his nature—in every stage of his life, he searches for it, as for hid treasure—courts it under a thousand different shapes—and though perpetually disappointed,---still persists---runs after and enquires for it afresh---asks every passenger who comes in his way---Who will shew him any good?---who will assist him in the attainment of it, or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes?

He is told by one, to search for it amongst the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and
sprightliness.

frightfulness where happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see, at once painted in her looks.

A second, with a graver aspect, points out to the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected---tells the enquirer that the object he is in search of inhabits there — that happiness lives only in company with the great in the midst of much pomp and outward state. That he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expence of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The miser blesses God!--wonders how any one would mislead, and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent---- convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same roof--that if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwelling of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an
evil

evil hour : that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness--but that it is the keeping it together, and the *having* and *holding* it fast to their heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet at the same time he plunges him, if possible, into a greater; for, hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in the senses---He sends the enquirer there---tells him it is in vain to search elsewhere for it, than where nature herself has placed it---in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites which are given us for that end : and in a word---if he will not take his opinion in the matter---he may trust the word of a much wiser man who has assured us---that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink and rejoice in his

his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour--for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment--ambition takes him by the hand and carries him into the world----shews him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them--points out the many ways of advancing his fortune and raising himself to honour——lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered and followed?

To close all, the philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of this pursuit——stops him——tells him, if he is in search of happiness, he is far gone out of his way.

That this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude far from all commerce of the world; and in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing

guing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he at first set out.

In this circle too often does man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down weary and dissatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—nor knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments; or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

In this uncertain and perplexed state—without knowledge which way to turn or where to betake ourselves for refuge——so often abused and deceived by the many who pretend thus to shew us any good—**LORD!** says the psalmist, Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us. Send us, some rays of thy grace and heavenly wisdom in this benighted search after happiness to direct us safely to it: **O God!** let us not wander for ever without a guide in this dark region, in endless pursuit of our mistaken good, but lighten our eyes that we sleep not in death,

death—but open to them the comforts of thy holy word and religion—lift up the light of thy countenance upon us, — and make us know the joy and satisfaction of living in the true faith and fear of thee, which only can carry us to this haven of rest where we would be — that sure haven, where true joys are to be found, which will at length not only answer all our expectations—but satisfy the most unbounded of our wishes for ever and ever.

The words thus opened, naturally reduce the remaining part of the discourse under two heads — The first part of the verse — there be many that say, who will shew us any good — To make some reflections upon the insufficiency of most of our enjoyments towards the attainment of happiness, upon some of the most received plans on which 'tis generally sought.

○ The examination of which will lead us up to the source, and true secret of all happiness, suggested to us in the latter part of the verse—**LORD!** lift thou up the

the light of thy countenance upon us — that there can be no real happiness without religion and virtue, and the assistance of God's grace and Holy Spirit to direct our lives in the true pursuit of it.

Let us enquire into the *Disappointments* of human happiness, on some of the most received plans on which 'tis generally sought for and expected, by the bulk of mankind.

There is hardly any subject more exhausted, or which at one time or other has afforded more matter for argument and declamation, than this one, of the insufficiency of our enjoyments. Scarce a reformed sensualist from Solomon down to our own days, who has not in some fits of repentance or disappointment uttered some sharp reflection upon the emptiness of human pleasure, and of the vanity of vanities which discovers itself in all the pursuits of mortal man — But the mischief has been, that though so many good things have been said, they have generally had the fate to be considered either as the overflowings of disgust

gust from fated appetites which could no longer relish the pleasures of life, or as the declamatory opinions of recluse and splenetic men who had never tasted them at all, and consequently were thought no judges of the matter. So that 'tis no great wonder, if the greatest part of such reflections, however just in themselves, and founded on truth and a knowledge of the world, are found to leave little impression where the imagination was already heated with great expectations of future happiness; and that the best lectures that have been read upon the vanity of the world, so seldom stop a man in the pursuit of the object of his desire, or give him half the conviction, that the possession of it will, and what the experience of his own life, or a careful observation upon the life of others, do at length generally confirm to us all.

Let us endeavour then to try the cause upon this issue; and instead of recurring to the common arguments or taking any one's word in the case, let us trust to matter of fact; and if upon enquiry, it appears that the actions of mankind are
not

not to be accounted for upon any other principle, but this of the insufficiency of our enjoyments, it will go further towards the establishment of the truth of this part of the discourse, than a thousand speculative arguments which might be offered upon the occasion.

Now if we take a survey of the life of man from the time he is come to reason, to the latest decline of it in old age.—we shall find him engaged, and generally hurried on in such a succession of different pursuits, and different opinions of things, through the different stages of his life—as will admit of no explication, but this, that he finds no rest for the sole of his foot, on any of the plans where he has been led to expect it.

The moment he is got loose from tutors and governors, and is left to judge for himself, and pursue this scheme his own way——his first thoughts are generally full of the mighty happiness which he is going to enter upon, from the free enjoyment of the pleasures in which he

sees others of his age and fortune engaged.

In consequence of this — take notice, how his imagination is caught by every glittering appearance that flatters this expectation. — Observe what impressions are made upon his senses, by diversions, music, dress and beauty — and how his spirits are upon the wing, flying in pursuit of them; that you would think he could never have enough.

Leave him to himself a few years, till the edge of appetite is wore down — and you will scarce know him again. You will find him entered into engagements, and setting up for a man of business and conduct, talking of no other happiness but what centers in projects of making the most of this world, and providing for his children, and children's children after them. Examine his notions, he will tell you, that the gayer pleasures of youth, are fit only for those who know not how to dispose of themselves and time to better advantage. That however fair and promising they might appear to a man unpracticed

practiced in them — they were no better than a life of folly and impertinence, and so far from answering your expectations of happiness, 'twas well if you escaped without pain. — That in every experiment he had tried, he had found more bitter than sweet, and for the little pleasure one could snatch — it too often left a terrible sting behind it: Besides, did the ballance lay on the other side, he would tell you, there could be no true satisfaction where a life runs on in so giddy a circle, out of which a wise man should extricate himself as soon as he can, that he may begin to look forwards. — That it becomes a man of character and consequence to lay aside childish things, to take care of his interests, to establish the fortune of his family, and place it out of want and dependance: and in a word, if there is such a thing as happiness upon earth, it must consist in the accomplishment of this; — and for his own part, if God should prosper his endeavours so as to be worth such a sum, or to be able to bring such a point to bear — he shall be one of the happiest of the sons of men. — In full assurance of
this,

this, on he drudges—plots—contrives—
rises early — late takes rest, and eats the
bread of carefulness, till at length, by
hard labour and perseverance, he has
reached, if not outgone the object he had
first in view. — When he has got thus far
— if he is a plain and sincere man, he
will make no scruple to acknowledge truly,
what alteration he has found in himself—
if you ask him—he will tell you, that his
imagination painted something before his
eyes, the reality of which he has not yet
attained to: that with all the accumula-
tion of his wealth, he neither lives the
merrier, sleeps the sounder, or has less
care and anxiety upon his spirits, than at
his first setting out.

Perhaps, you'll say, some dignity, ho-
nour, or title is only wanting — Oh!
could I accomplish that, as there would
be nothing left then for me to wish,
good God! how happy should I be?—
'tis still the same—the dignity or title—
though they crown his head with honour
— add not one cubit to his happiness.
Upon summing up the account, all is
found to be seated merely in the imagi-
nation.

nation — The faster he has pursued, the faster the phantom fled before him, and to use the Satyrists comparison of the chariot wheels, — haste as they will, they must for ever keep the same distance.

But what? though I have been thus far disappointed in my expectations of happiness from the possession of riches—
“ Let me try, whether I shall not meet
“ with it, in the spending and fashion-
“ able enjoyment of them.”

Behold! I will get me down, and make me great works, and build me houses, and plant me vineyards, and make me gardens and pools of water. And I will get me servants and maidens, and whatsoever my eyes desire, I will not keep from them.

In prosecution of this — he drops all gainful pursuits—withdraws himself from the busy part of the world — realizes — pulls down—builds up again.—Buys statues, pictures—plants—and plucks up by the roots—levels mountains—and fills up
vallies

vallies—turns rivers into dry ground, and dry ground into rivers.——Says unto this man, go, and he goeth, and unto another, do this, and he doeth it,—and whatsoever his soul lusteth after of this kind, he withholds not from it. When every thing is thus planned by himself, and executed according to his wish and direction, surely he is arrived to the accomplishment of his wishes, and has got to the summit of all human happiness?—Let the most fortunate adventurers in this way, answer the question for him, and say—how often, it rises higher than a bare and simple amusement—and well, if you can compound for that—since 'tis often purchased at so high a price, and soured by a mixture of other incidental vexations, as to become too often a work of repentance, which in the end will extort the same sorrowful confession from him, which it did from Solomon, in the like case.—Lo! I looked on all the Works that my hands wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do — and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit.—and there was no profit to me under the sun.

To

To inflame this account the more — 'twill be no miracle, if upon casting up, he has gone further lengths than he first intended, run into expences which have entangled his fortune, and brought himself into such difficulties as to make way for the last experiment he can try — to turn miser with no happiness in view but what is to rise out of the little designs of a sordid mind, set upon saving and scraping up — all he has injudiciously spent. In this last stage — behold him a poor trembling wretch, shut up from all mankind — sinking into utter contempt, spending careful days and sleepless nights in pursuit of what a narrow and contracted heart can never enjoy :—And here let us leave him to the conviction he will one day find—That there is no end of his labour—That his eyes will never be satisfied with riches, or will say—For whom do I labour and bereave myself of rest?—This is also a fore travel.

I believe this is no uncommon picture of the disappointments of human life—and the manner our pleasures and enjoy-

ments slip from under us in every stage of our life. And though I would not be thought by it, as if I was denying the reality of pleasures, disputing the being of them, any more, than one would, the reality of pain — Yet I must observe on this head, that there is a plain distinction to be made betwixt pleasure and happiness. For tho' there can be no happiness without pleasure — yet the converse of the proposition will not hold true. — We are so made, that from the common gratifications of our appetites, and the impressions of a thousand objects, we snatch the one, like a transient gleam, without being suffered to taste the other, and enjoy that perpetual sun-shine and fair weather which constantly attend it. This, I contend, is only to be found in religion — in the consciousness of virtue — and the sure and certain hopes of a better life, which brightens all our prospects, and leaves no room to dread disappointments — because the expectation of it is built upon a rock, whose foundations are as deep as those of heaven and hell.

And

And tho' in our pilgrimage through this world — some of us may be so fortunate as to meet with some clear fountains by the way, that may cool for a few moments, the heat of this great thirst of happiness — yet our Saviour, who knew the world, tho' he enjoyed but little of it, tells us, that whosoever drinketh of this water will thirst again: — and we all find by experience it is so, and by reason that it always must be so.

I conclude with a short observation upon Solomon's evidence in this case.

Never did the busy brain of a lean and hectick chymist search for the philosopher's stone with more pains and ardour than this great man did after happiness. — He was one of the wisest enquirers into nature — had tried all her powers and capacities, and after a thousand vain speculations and vile experiments, he affirmed at length, it lay hid in no one thing he had tried — like the chymist's projections, all had ended in

smoak, or what was worse, in vanity and vexation of spirit: — the conclusion of the whole matter was this — that he advises every man who would be happy, to fear God and keep his commandments.

S E R M O N

S E R M O N II.

The House of Feasting and
the House of Mourning
Described.

ECCLESIASTES VII. 2, 3.

*It is better to go to the house of mourning,
than to the house of feasting. ———*

THAT I deny — but let us hear
the wise man's reasoning upon it
— *for that is the end of all men, and the
living will lay it to his heart : sorrow is
better than laughter* — for a crack'd-brain'd
order of Carthusian monks, I grant, but
not for men of the world : For what pur-
pose do you imagine, has God made us ?
for the social sweets of the well watered
vallies where he has planted us, or for the
dry and dismal deserts of a *Sierra Morena* ?
Are the sad accidents of life, and the un-
cheary hours which perpetually overtake
us, are they not enough, but we must
fally forth in quest of them, — belie our

own hearts, and say, as your text would have us, that they are better than those of joy? Did the Best of Beings send us into the world for this end — to go weeping through it,—to vex and shorten a life short and vexatious enough already? Do you think my good preacher, that he who is infinitely happy, can envy us our enjoyments? or that a being so infinitely kind would grudge a mournful traveller, the short rest and refreshments necessary to support his spirits through the stages of a weary pilgrimage? or that he would call him to a severe reckoning, because in his way he had hastily snatched at some little fugacious pleasures, merely to sweeten this uneasy journey of life, and reconcile him to the ruggedness of the road, and the many hard jostlings he is sure to meet with? Consider, I beseech you, what provision and accommodation, the Author of our being has prepared for us, that we might not go on our way forrowing — how many caravan-seras of rest — what powers and faculties he has given us for taking it — what apt objects he has placed in our way to entertain us; — some of which

which he has made so fair, so exquisitely for this end, that they have power over us for a time to charm away the sense of pain, to cheer up the dejected heart under poverty and sickness, and make it go and remember its miseries no more.

I will not contend at present against this rhetorick; I would choose rather for a moment to go on with the allegory, and say we are travellers, and, in the most affecting sense of that idea, that like travellers, though upon business of the last and nearest concern to us, may surely be allowed to amuse ourselves with the natural or artificial beauties of the country we are passing through, without reproach of forgetting the main errand we are sent upon; and if we can so order it, as not to be led out of the way, by the variety of prospects, edifices, and ruins which solicit us, it would be a nonsensical piece of saint errantry to shut our eyes.

But let us not lose sight of the argument in pursuit of the simile.

Let us remember various as our excursions are, — that we have still set our faces towards Jerusalem — that we have a place of rest and happiness, towards which we hasten, and that the way to get there is not so much to please our hearts, as to improve them in virtue ; — that mirth and feasting are usually no friends to achievements of this kind — but that a season of affliction is in some sort a season of piety — not only because our sufferings are apt to put us in mind of our sins, but that by the check and interruption which they give to our pursuits, they allow us what the hurry and bustle of the world too often deny us, — and that is a little time for reflection, which is all that most of us want to make us wiser and better men ; — that at certain times it is so necessary a man's mind should be turned towards itself, that rather than want occasions, he had better purchase them at the expence of his present happiness. — He had better, as the text expresses it, *go to the house of mourning*, where he will meet with something to subdue his passions, than to the house

house of feasting, where the joy and gaiety of the place is likely to excite them— That whereas the entertainments and caresses of the one place, expose his heart and lay it open to temptations — the sorrows of the other defend it, and as naturally shut them from it. So strange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is so framed, that he cannot but pursue happiness — and yet unless he is made sometimes miserable, how apt is he to mistake the way which can only lead him to the accomplishment of his own wishes!

This is the full force of the wise man's declaration. — But to do further justice to his words, I would endeavour to bring the subject still nearer. — For which purpose, it will be necessary to stop here, and take a transient view of the two places here referred to, — the house of mourning, and the house of feasting. Give me leave therefore, I beseech you, to recall both of them for a moment, to your imaginations, that from thence I may appeal to your hearts, how faithfully, and upon what good grounds, the effects and na-

tural operations of each upon our minds are intimated in the text.

And first, let us look into the house of feasting.

And here, to be as fair and candid as possible in the description of this, we will not take it from the worst originals, such as are opened merely for the sale of virtue, and so calculated for the end, that the disguise each is under, not only gives power safely to drive on the bargain, but safely to carry it into execution too.

This, we will not suppose to be the case — nor let us even imagine, the house of feasting, to be such a scene of intemperance and excess, as the house of feasting does often exhibit ; — but let us take it from one, as little exceptionable as we can — where there is, or at least appears nothing really criminal, — but where every thing seems to be kept within the visible bounds of moderation and sobriety.

Imagine

Imagine then, such a house of feasting, where either by consent or invitation, a number of each sex is drawn together, for no other purpose but the enjoyment and mutual entertainment of each other, which we will suppose shall arise from no other pleasures but what custom authorises, and religion does not absolutely forbid.

Before we enter — let us examine, what must be the sentiments of each individual previous to his arrival, and we shall find that however they may differ from one another in tempers and opinions, that every one seems to agree in this — that as he is going to a house dedicated to joy and mirth, it was fit he should divest himself of whatever was likely to contradict that intention, or be inconsistent with it. — That for this purpose, he had left his cares — his serious thoughts — and his moral reflections behind him, and was come forth from home with only such dispositions and gaiety of heart as suited the occasion, and promoted the intended mirth and jollity of

of the place. With this preparation of mind, which is as little as can be supposed, since it will amount to no more than a desire in each to render himself an acceptable guest,—let us conceive them entering into the house of feasting, with hearts set loose from grave restraints, and open to the expectations of receiving pleasure. It is not necessary, as I premised, to bring intemperance into this scene—or to suppose such an excess in the gratification of the appetites as shall ferment the blood and set the desires in a flame: — Let us admit no more of it therefore, than will gently stir them, and fit them for the impressions which so benevolent a commerce will naturally excite. In this disposition thus wrought upon beforehand and already improved to this purpose, — take notice, how mechanically the thoughts and spirits rise — how soon, and insensibly, they are got above the pitch and first bounds which cooler hours would have marked.

When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to
a man's

a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded—when kind and caressing looks of every object without that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within to betray him, and put him off his defence—when music likewise has lent her aid, and tried her power upon his passions—when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women with the sound of the viol and the lute have broke in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart—see how vain! how weak! how empty a thing it is! Look through its several recesses, — those pure mansions formed for the reception of innocence and virtue—sad spectacle! Behold those fair inhabitants now dispossessed—turned out of their sacred dwellings to make room—for what?—at the best for levity and indiscretion—perhaps for folly—it may be for more impure guests, which possibly in so general a riot of the mind and senses may take occasion to enter unsuspected at the same time.

In a scene and disposition thus described

—can

—can the most cautious say—thus far shall my desires go—and no farther? or will the coolest and most circumspect say, when pleasure has taken full possession of his heart, that no thought nor purpose shall arise there, which he would have concealed?—In those loose and unguarded moments the imagination is not always at command—in spite of reason and reflection, it will forcibly carry him sometimes whither he would not—like the unclean spirit, in the parent's sad description of his child's case, which took him, and oft times cast him into the fire to destroy him, and wheresoever it taketh him, it teareth him, and hardly departeth from him.

But this, you'll say, is the worst account of what the mind may suffer here.

Why may we not make more favourable suppositions?—that numbers by exercise and custom to such encounters, learn gradually to despise and triumph over them;—that the minds of many are not so susceptible of warm impressions, or so badly fortified against them, that pleasure

sure should easily corrupt or soften them;—that it would be hard to suppose, of the great multitudes which daily throng and press into this house of feasting, but that numbers come out of it again, with *all* the innocence with which they entered;—and that if both sexes are included in the computation, what *fair* examples shall we see of many of so pure and chaste a turn of mind—that the house of feasting, with all its charms and temptations, was never able to excite a thought, or awaken an inclination which virtue need to blush at—or which the most scrupulous conscience might not support. God forbid we should say otherwise:—no doubt, numbers of all ages escape unhurt, and get off this dangerous sea without shipwreck. Yet, are they not to be reckoned amongst the more fortunate adventurers?—and though one would absolutely prohibit the attempt, or be so cynical as to condemn every one who tries it, since there are so many I suppose who cannot well do otherwise, and whose condition and situation in life unavoidably force them upon it—yet we may be allowed to describe this fair and flattering coast—we may point out the unsuspected dangers.

dangers of it, and warn the unwary passenger, where they lay. We may shew him what hazards his youth and inexperience will run, how little he can gain by the venture, and how much wiser and better it would be [as is implied in the text] to seek occasions rather to improve his little stock of virtue, than incautiously expose it to so unequal a chance, where the best he can hope is to return safe with what treasure he carried out—but where probably, he may be so unfortunate as to lose it all—be lost himself, and undone for ever.

Thus much for the house of feasting ; which, by the way, though generally open at other times of the year throughout the world, is supposed in christian countries, now every where to be universally shut up. And, in truth, I have been more full in my cautions against it, not only as reason requires, — but in reverence to this season * wherein our church exacts a more particular forbearance and self-denial in this point, and thereby adds to the restraints upon pleasure and entertainments which

* Preached in *Lent*.

which this representation of things has suggested against them already.

Here then, let us turn aside, from this gay scene; and suffer me to take you with me for a moment to one much fitter for your meditation. Let us go into the house of mourning, made so, by such afflictions as have been brought in, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed,—where perhaps, the aged parents sit broken hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centered :—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them—is now piteously borne down at the last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon his afflictions.—Behold him distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his

his cares—without bread to give them,—unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig;—to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this,—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look—under whatever levity and dissipation of heart. Such objects catch our eyes,—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work? how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject. By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity,—the perishing condition and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, the thoughts insensibly carry us farther—and from considering, what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, they set us to look forwards at what possibly

sibly we shall be—for what kind of world we are intended—what evils may befall us there—and what provision we should make against them; here, whilst we have time and opportunity.

If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it in the text, in which, by the house of mourning, I believe, he means that particular scene of sorrow where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead.

Turn in hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Perhaps a more affecting spectacle—a kind and an indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife.

Behold

Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform that last melancholy office, which when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay each other.

If this sad occasion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice, to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits, which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another——see how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! in this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul——see, the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with sense and with a love of virtue. Could we, in this crisis, whilst this empire of reason and religion lasts, and the
the

the heart is thus exercised with wisdom and busied with heavenly contemplations—could we see it naked as it is—stripped of all its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest our cause, upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether Solomon has not made a just determination here, in favour of the house of mourning?—not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow I own has no use, but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

Consider what has been said, and may God of his mercy bless you. *Amen.*

the heart is thus exercised with wisdom
and banded with heavenly contemplations
—could we see it asked as it is—thipped
of all its passions, supported by the world,
and regardless of its country—we might
then have seen our cards upon this single
evidence, and appeal to the most sensual
whether Solomon has not made a just de-
termination here, in favour of the House
of mourning?—not for its own sake,
but as it is fruitful in virtue and becomes
the occasion of to much good. Without
this end, sorrow I own has no use, but to
shorten a man's days—not can gratify,
with all its studied solemnity of look and
gesture, give any end but to make one
half of the world merry, and the other
the other.

Consider what has been said, and may
God of his mercy bless you.

SERMON III.

PHILANTHROPY

Recommended.

LUKE x. 36, 37.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell amongst the thieves?—And he said, he that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him—Go; and do thou likewise.

IN the foregoing verses of this chapter, the Evangelist relates, that a certain lawyer stood up and tempted JESUS, saying, master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?—To which enquiry, our SAVIOUR, as his manner was, when any ensnaring question was put to him, which he saw proceeded more from a design to entangle him, than an honest view of getting information—instead of giving a direct answer which might afford a handle

handle to malice, or at best serve only to gratify an impertinent humour——he immediately retorts the question upon the man who asked it, and unavoidably puts him upon the necessity of answering himself;——and as in the present case, the particular profession of the enquirer, and his supposed general knowledge of all other branches of learning, left no room to suspect, he could be ignorant of the true answer to his question, and especially of what every one knew was delivered upon that head by their great Legislator, our SAVIOUR therefore refers him to his own memory of what he had found there in the course of his studies——What is written in the law, how readest thou?——upon which the enquirer reciting the general heads of our duty to GOD and MAN as delivered in the 18th of Leviticus and the 6th of Deuteronomy, — namely——*That we should worship the Lord our God with all our hearts, and love our neighbour as ourselves*; our blessed SAVIOUR tells him, he had answered right, and if he followed that lesson, he could not fail of the blessing he seemed desirous to inherit. — *This do and thou shalt live.*

But

But he, as the context tells us, willing to justify himself——willing possibly to gain more credit in the conference, or hoping perhaps to hear such a partial and narrow definition of the word *neighbour* as would suit his own principles, and justify some particular oppressions of his own, or those of which his whole order lay under an accusation —— says unto JESUS in the 29th verse,——*And who is my neighbour?* Though the demand at first sight may seem utterly trifling, yet was it far from being so in fact. For according as you understood the term in a more or a less restrained sense —— it produced many necessary variations in the duties you owed from that relation. —— Our blessed SAVIOUR, to rectify any partial and pernicious mistake in this matter, and place at once this duty of the love of our neighbour upon its true bottom of philanthropy and universal kindness, makes answer to the proposed question, not by any far fetched refinement from the schools of the Rabbis, which might have sooner silenced than convinced the man——but

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by a direct appeal to human nature in an instance he relates of a man falling amongst thieves, left in the greatest distress imaginable, till by chance a Samaritan, an utter stranger, coming where he was, by an act of great goodness and compassion, not only relieved him at present, but took him under his protection, and generously provided for his future safety.

On the close of which engaging account —our SAVIOUR appeals to the man's own heart in the first verse of the text —*Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbour unto him that fell amongst the thieves?* and instead of drawing the inference himself, leaves him to decide in favour of so noble a principle so evidently founded in mercy. —The lawyer, struck with the truth and justice of the doctrine, and frankly acknowledging the force of it, our blessed SAVIOUR concludes the debate with a short admonition, that he should practise what he had approved — and go, and imitate that fair example of universal benevolence which it had set before him.

In

In the remaining part of the discourse I shall follow the same plan; and therefore shall beg leave to enlarge first upon the story itself, with such reflections as will rise from it; and conclude, as our SAVIOUR has done, with the same exhortation to kindness and humanity which so naturally falls from it.

A certain man, says our SAVIOUR, went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his rayment and departed, leaving him half dead. There is something in our nature which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is something then so truly interesting, that at the first sight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection that they might have been or may be so, but oftener from a certain generosity and tenderness of nature, which disposes us for

compassion, abstracted from all considerations of self. So that without any observable act of the will, we suffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our spirits we know not why, on seeing the most common instances of their distress. But where the spectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumstances of misery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and, *were* it inclined to it, has no power to make resistance, but surrenders itself to all the tender emotions of pity and deep concern. So that when one considers this friendly part of our nature without looking farther, one would think it impossible for man to look upon misery, without finding himself in some measure attached to the interest of him who suffers it.— I say, one would think it impossible—for there are some tempers—how shall I describe them?—formed either of such impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow-creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature, or had no lot or connection at all with the species.

Of

Of this character, our SAVIOUR produces two disgraceful instances in the behaviour of a priest and a levite, whom in this account he represents as coming to the place where the unhappy man was — both passing by without either stretching forth a hand to assist, or uttering a word to comfort him in his distress.

And by chance there came down a certain priest! — merciful God! that a teacher of thy religion should ever want humanity — or that a man whose head might be thought full of the one, should have a heart void of the other! — This however was the case before us — and though in theory one would scarce suspect that the least pretence to religion and an open disregard to so main a part of it, could ever meet together in one person — yet in fact it is no fictitious character.

Look into the world — how often do you behold a sordid wretch, whose straight heart is open to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, and putting on the garb of reli-

gion, which none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear. Take notice with what sanctity he goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish tract in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right hand nor to the left—but plods on—pores all his life long upon the ground, as if afraid to look up, lest peradventure he should see aught which might turn him one moment out of that straight line where interest is carrying him—or if, by chance, he stumbles upon a hapless object of distress, which threatens such a disaster to him—like the man here represented, *devoutly* passing by on the other side, as if unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniences which pity might lead him into upon the occasion.

There is but one stroke wanting in this picture of an unmerciful man to render the character utterly odious, and that our SAVIOUR gives it in the following instance he relates upon it. And likewise, says he, *a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked at him.* It was not a transient oversight,

oversight, the hasty or ill advised neglect of an unconsidering humour, with which the best disposed are sometimes overtaken, and led on beyond the point where otherwise they would have wished to stop.—No!—on the contrary, it had all the aggravation of a deliberate act of insensibility proceeding from a hard heart. When he was at the place, he came, and looked at him—considered his misfortunes, gave time for reason and nature to have awoke—saw the imminent danger he was in—and the pressing necessity of immediate help, which so violent a case called aloud for—and after all—turned aside and unmercifully left him to all the distresses of his condition.

In all unmerciful actions, the worst of men pay this compliment at least to humanity, as to endeavour to wear as much of the appearance of it, as the case will well let them—so that in the hardest acts a man shall be guilty of, he has some motives true or false always ready to offer, either to satisfy himself or the world, and, God knows, too often to impose both

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upon

upon the one and the other. And therefore it would be no hard matter here to give a probable guess at what passed in the Levite's mind in the present case, and shew, was it necessary, by what kind of casuistry he settled the matter with his conscience as he passed by, and guarded all the passages to his heart against the inroads which pity might attempt to make upon the occasion.——But it is painful to dwell long upon this disagreeable part of the story; I therefore hasten to the concluding incident of it, which is so amiable that one cannot easily be too copious in reflections upon it.——And behold, says our SAVIOUR, a certain Samaritan as he journeyed came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him — and went to him — bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine — set him upon his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him. I suppose, it will be scarce necessary here to remind you that the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans — an old religious grudge — the worst of all grudges, had wrought such a dislike between both people, that they

they held themselves mutually discharged not only from all offices of friendship and kindness, but even from the most common acts of courtesy and good manners. This operated so strongly in our SAVIOUR's time, that the woman of Samaria seemed astonished that he, being a Jew, should *ask* water of her who was a Samaritan—so that with such a prepossession, however distressful the case of the unfortunate man was, and how reasonably soever he might plead for pity from another man, there was little aid or consolation to be looked for from so unpromising a quarter. *Alas! after I have been twice passed by, neglected by men of my own nation and religion, bound by so many ties to assist me, left here friendless and unpitied both by a Priest and Levite, men whose profession and superior advantages of knowledge could not leave them in the dark in what manner they should discharge this debt which my condition claims—after this—what hopes? what expectations from a passenger, not only a stranger,—but a Samaritan released from all obligations to me, and by a national dislike inflamed by mutual ill offices, now made my*

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enemy,

enemy, and more likely to rejoice at the evils which have fallen upon me, than to stretch forth a hand to save me from them.

It is no unnatural soliloquy to imagine ; but the actions of generous and compassionate tempers baffle all little reasonings about them.—True charity, in the apostle's description, as it is kind, and is not easily provoked, so it manifested this character—for we find when he came where he was, and beheld his distress, — all the unfriendly passions, which at another time might have rose within him, now utterly forsook him and fled : when he saw his misfortunes—he forgot his enmity towards the man,—dropped all the prejudices which education had planted against him, and in the room of them, all that was good and compassionate was suffered to speak in his behalf.

In benevolent natures the impulse to pity is so sudden, that like instruments of music which only obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions work so instantaneous an effect, that

that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is,—the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations, or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts. So that the Samaritan, though the moment he saw him he had compassion on him, yet sudden as the emotion is represented, you are not to imagine that it was mechanical, but that there was a settled principle of humanity and goodness which operated within him, and influenced not only the first impulse of kindness, but the continuation of it throughout the rest of so engaging a behaviour. And because it is a pleasure to look into a good mind, and trace out as far as one is able what passes within it on such occasions, I shall beg leave for a moment, to state an account of what was likely to pass in his, and in what manner so distressful a case would necessarily work upon such a disposition.

Ass

As he approached the place where the
unfortunate man lay, the instant he be-
held him, no doubt some such train of re-
flections as this would rise in his mind.
“ Good God ! what a spectacle of misery
“ do I behold——a man stripped of his
“ raiment—wounded—lying languishing
“ before me upon the-ground just ready
“ to expire,——without the comfort of a
“ friend to support him in his last ago-
“ nies, or the prospect of a hand to close
“ his eyes when his pains are over. But
“ perhaps my concern should lessen when
“ I reflect on the relations in which we
“ stand to each other — that he is a Jew
“ and I a Samaritan.—But are we not
“ still both men ? partakers of the same
“ nature—and subject to the same evils ?
“ —let me change conditions with him
“ for a moment and consider, had
“ his lot befallen me as I journeyed
“ in the way, what measure I should
“ have expected at his hands.—Should I
“ wish when he beheld me wounded and
“ half-dead, that he should shut up his
“ bowels of compassion from me, and
“ double the weight of my miseries by
“ passing

“ passing by and leaving them un-
“ pitied? — But I am a stranger to the
“ man — be it so, — but I am no stran-
“ ger to his condition — misfortunes are
“ of no particular tribe or nation, but be-
“ long to us all, and have a general
“ claim upon us, without distinction of
“ climate, country, or religion. Besides,
“ though I am a stranger ——— ’tis no
“ fault of his that I do not know him,
“ and therefore unequitable he should
“ suffer by it: — Had I known him,
“ possibly I should have cause to love
“ and pity him the more — for aught I
“ know, he is some one of uncommon
“ merit, whose life is rendered still more
“ precious, as the lives and happiness
“ of others may be involved in it: per-
“ haps at this instant that he lies here
“ forsaken, in all this misery, a whole
“ virtuous family is joyfully looking for
“ his return, and affectionately count-
“ ing the hours of his delay. Oh! did
“ they know what evil hath befallen him
“ — how would they fly to succour
“ him. — Let me then hasten to supply
“ those tender offices of binding up his
“ wounds,

“ wounds, and carrying him to a place
“ of safety — or if that assistance comes
“ too late, I shall comfort him at least
“ in his last hour — and, if I can do
“ nothing else, — I shall soften his mis-
“ fortunes by dropping a tear of pity
“ over them.”

’Tis almost necessary to imagine the good Samaritan was influenced by some such thoughts as these, from the uncommon generosity of his behaviour, which is represented by our SAVIOUR operating like the warm zeal of a brother, mixed with the affectionate discretion and care of a parent, who was not satisfied with taking him under his protection, and supplying his present wants, but in looking forwards for him, and taking care that his wants should be supplied when he should be gone, and no longer near to befriend him.

I think there needs no stronger argument to prove how universally and deeply the seeds of this virtue of compassion are planted in the heart of man, than
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in the pleasure we take in such representations of it: and though some men have represented human nature in other colours, (though to what end I know not), that the matter of fact is so strong against them, that from the general propensity to pity the unfortunate, we express that sensation by the word *humanity*, as if it was inseparable from our nature. That it is not *inseparable*, I have allowed in the former part of this discourse, from some reproachful instances of selfish tempers, which seem to take part in nothing beyond themselves; yet I am persuaded, and affirm 'tis still so great and noble a part of our nature, that a man must do great violence to himself, and suffer many a painful conflict, before he has brought himself to a different disposition.

'Tis observable in the foregoing account, that when the priest came to the place where he was, he passed by on the other side — he might have passed by, you'll say, without turning aside. — No, there is a secret shame which attends every

every act of inhumanity not to be conquered in the hardest natures, so that, as in other cases, so especially in this, many a man would do a cruel act, who at the same time would blush to look you in the face, and is forced to turn aside before he can have a heart to execute his purpose.

Inconsistent creature that man is ! who at that instant that he does what is wrong, is not able to withhold his testimony to what is good and praise worthy.

I have now done with the parable, which was the first part proposed to be considered in this discourse ; and should proceed to the second, which so naturally falls from it, of exhorting you, as our SAVIOUR did the lawyer upon it, *to go and do so likewise* : but I have been so copious in my reflections upon the story itself, that I find I have insensibly incorporated into them almost all that I should have said here in recommending so amiable an example ; by which means I have unawares anticipated the task I proposed. I shall therefore detain you no longer than

than with a single remark upon the subject in general, which is this, 'Tis observable in many places of scripture, that our blessed SAVIOUR in describing the day of judgment does it in such a manner, as if the great enquiry then, was to relate principally to this one virtue of compassion — and as if our final sentence at that solemnity was to be pronounced exactly according to the degrees of it. I was an hungred and ye gave me meat — thirsty and ye gave me drink — naked and ye cloathed me — I was sick and ye visited me — in prison and ye came unto me. Not that we are to imagine from thence, as if any other good or evil action should then be over-looked by the eye of the All-seeing Judge, but barely to intimate to us, that a charitable and benevolent disposition is so principal and ruling a part of a man's character, as to be a considerable test by itself of the whole frame and temper of his mind, with which all other virtues and vices respectively rise and fall, and will almost necessarily be connected. — Tell me therefore of a compassionate man, you represent to me a man of a thousand other good qualities — on

— on whom I can depend — whom I may safely trust with my wife — my children, my fortune and reputation. 'Tis for this, as the apostle argues from the same principle — that he will not commit adultery — that he will not kill — that he will not steal — that he will not bear false witness. That is, the sorrows which are stirred up in mens hearts by such trespasses are so tenderly felt by a compassionate man, that it is not in his power or his nature to commit to them.

So that well might he conclude, that charity, by which he means, the love to your neighbour, was the end of the commandment, that whosoever fulfilled it, had fulfilled the law.

Now to God, &c. Amen.

S E R M O N

SERMON IV.

SELF KNOWLEDGE.

2 SAMUEL xii. 7. 1st part.

*And Nathan said unto David, thou art the
man.*

THERE is no historical passage in scripture, which gives a more remarkable instance of the deceitfulness of the heart of man to itself, and of how little we truly know of ourselves, than this, wherein David is convicted out of his own mouth, and is led by the prophet to condemn and pronounce a severe judgment upon another, for an act of injustice which he had passed over in himself, and possibly reconciled to his own conscience. To know one's self, one would think could be no very difficult lesson; — for who, you'll say, can well be truly ignorant of himself and the true disposition of his own heart. If a man thinks at all, he cannot be a stranger

ger to what passes there — he must be conscious of his own thoughts and desires, he must remember his past pursuits, and the true springs and motives which in general have directed the actions of his life : he may hang out false colours and deceive the world, but how can a man deceive himself? That a man can — is evident, because he daily does so — Scripture tells us, and gives us many historical proofs of it, besides this to which the text refers — that the heart of man is treacherous to itself and *deceitful above all things*; and experience and every hour's commerce with the world confirms the truth of this seeming paradox, “ That though man is the
“ only creature endowed with reflection,
“ and consequently qualified to know
“ the most of himself — yet so it happens, that he generally knows the
“ least — and with all the power which
“ God has given him of turning his
“ eyes inwards upon himself, and taking
“ notice of the chain of his own thoughts
“ and desires — yet in fact, is generally
“ so inattentive, but always so partial
“ an observer of what passes, that he is

“ as

“ as much, nay often, a much greater
“ stranger to his own disposition and
“ true character than all the world be-
“ sides.”

By what means he is brought under so manifest a delusion, and how he suffers himself to be so grossly imposed upon in a point which he is capable of knowing so much better than others, is not hard to give an account of, nor need we seek further for it, than amongst the causes which are every day perverting his reason and misleading him. We are deceived in judging of ourselves, just as we are in judging of other things, when our passions and inclinations are called in as counsellors, and we suffer ourselves to see and reason just so far and no farther than they give us leave. How hard do we find it to pass an equitable and sound judgment in a matter where our interest is deeply concerned? — and even where there is the remotest considerations of self, connected with the point before us, what a strange bias does it hang upon our minds, and how difficult is it to disengage our judgments entirely from it?

it? with what reluctance are we brought to think evil of a friend whom we have long loved and esteemed, and though there happen to be strong appearances against him, how apt are we to overlook or put favourable constructions upon them; and even sometimes, when our zeal and friendship transport us, to assign, the best and kindest motives for the worst and most unjustifiable parts of his conduct.

We are still worse casuists, and the deceit is proportionably stronger with a man, when he is going to judge of himself — that dearest of all parties, — so closely connected with him — so much and so long beloved — of whom he has so early conceived the highest opinion and esteem, and with whose merit he has all-along, no doubt, found so much reason to be contented. It is not an easy matter to be severe, where there is such an impulse to be kind, or to efface at once all the tender impressions in favour of so old a friend, which disable us from thinking of him, as he is, and seeing him
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in the light, may be, in which every one else sees him.

So that however easy this knowledge of one's-self may appear at first sight, it is otherwise when we come to examine; since not only in practice but even in speculation and theory, we find it one of the hardest and most painful lessons. Some of the earliest instructors of mankind, no doubt, found it so too, and for that reason, soon saw the necessity of laying such a stress upon this great precept of self knowledge, which for its excellent wisdom and usefulness; many of them supposed to be a divine direction; that it came down from Heaven, and comprehended the whole circle both of knowledge and the duty of man. And indeed their zeal might easily be allowed in so high an encomium upon the attainment of a virtue, the want of which so often baffled their instructions, and rendered their endeavours of reforming the heart vain and useless. For who could think of a reformation of the faults within him, who knew not where they lay,

or

or could set about correcting, till he had first come to a sense of the defects which required it.

But this was a point always much easier recommended by public instructors than shewn how to be put in practice, and therefore others, who equally sought the reformation of mankind, observing that this direct road which led to it was guarded on all sides by self-love, and consequently very difficult of open access, soon found out that a different and more artful course was requisite; as they had not strength to remove this flattering passion which stood in their way and blocked up all the passages to the heart, they endeavoured by stratagem to get beyond it, and by a skilful address, if possible, to deceive it. This gave rise to the early manner of conveying their instructions in parables, fables, and such sort of indirect applications, which, tho' they could not conquer this principle of self-love, yet often laid it asleep, or at least over-reached it for a few moments, till a just judgment could be procured.

The

The prophet Nathan seems to have been a great master in this way of address. David had greatly displeased God by two grievous sins which he had committed, and the prophet's commission was to go and bring him to a conviction of them, and touch his heart with a sense of guilt for what he had done against the honour and life of Uriah.

The holy man knew, that was it any one's case but David's own, no man would have been so quick-sighted in discerning the nature of the injury, — more ready to have redressed it, or who would have felt more compassion for the party who had suffered it, than he himself.

Instead therefore of declaring the real intention of his errand, by a direct accusation and reproof for the crimes he had committed; he comes to him with a fictitious complaint of a cruel act of injustice done by another, and accordingly he frames a case, not so parallel to David's as he supposed would awaken his suspicion, and prevent a patient and

candid hearing, and yet not so void of resemblance in the main circumstances, as to fail of striking him, when shewn in a proper light.

And Nathan came and said unto him,
“ There were two men in one city, the
“ one rich and the other poor — the rich
“ man had exceeding many flocks and
“ herds, but the poor man had nothing,
“ save one little ewe lamb which he had
“ bought and nourished up—and it grew
“ up together with him and with his
“ children — it did eat of his own meat,
“ and drank of his own cup, and lay
“ in his bosom, and was unto him as a
“ daughter — and there came a traveller
“ unto the rich man, and he spared to
“ take of his own flock and of his own
“ herd to dress for the wayfaring man
“ that was come unto him, but took the
“ poor man’s lamb and dressed it for the
“ man that was come unto him.”

The case was drawn up with great judgment and beauty — the several minute circumstances which heightened the injury truly affecting — and so strongly urged,

urged, that it would have been impossible for any man with a previous sense of guilt upon his mind, to have defended himself from some degree of remorse, which it must naturally have excited.

The story, though it spoke only of the injustice and oppressive act of another man — yet it pointed to what he had lately done himself, with all the circumstances of its aggravation — and withal, the whole was so tenderly addressed to the heart and passions, as to kindle at once the utmost horror and indignation. And so it did, — but not against the proper person. In his transport he forgot himself — his anger greatly kindled against the man — and he said unto Nathan, “ As the Lord
“ liveth, the man that hath done this
“ thing, shall surely die, and he shall
“ restore the lamb fourfold, because he
“ did this thing, and because he had no
“ pity.”

It can scarce be doubted here, but that David's anger was *real*, and that he

was what he appeared to be, greatly provoked and exasperated against the offender: and, indeed, his sentence against him proves he was so above measure. For to punish the man with death, and oblige him to restore fourfold besides, was highly unequitable, and not only disproportioned to the offence, but far above the utmost rigour and severity of the law, which allowed a much softer atonement, requiring in such a case, no more than an ample restitution and recompence in kind. The judgment however seems to have been truly sincere and well meant, and bespoke rather the honest rashness of an unsuspicious judge, than the cool determination of a conscious and guilty man, who knew he was going to pass sentence upon himself.

I take notice of this particular, because it places this instance of self deceit, which is the subject of the discourse, in the strongest light, and fully demonstrates the truth of a fact in this great man, which happens every day amongst ourselves, namely, that a man may be guilty of very bad and dishonest actions, and
ye

yet reflect so little, or so partially, upon what he has done, as to keep his conscience free, not only from guilt, but even the remotest suspicions, that he is the man which in truth he is, and what the tenor and evidence of his life demonstrate. If we look into the world — David's is no uncommon case — we see some one or other perpetually copying this bad original, sitting in judgment upon himself — hearing his own cause, and not knowing what he is doing; hasty in passing sentence, and even executing it too with wrath upon the person of another, when in the language of the prophet, one might say to him with justice, “thou art the man.”

Of the many revengeful, covetous, false and ill natured persons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number? — or where is there a man so bad, who would not think it the hardest and most unfair im-

putation to have have any of those particular vices laid to his charge?

If he has the symptoms ever so strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself. — He sees what no one else sees, some secret and flattering circumstances in his favour, which no doubt make a wide difference betwixt his case and the parties which he condemns.

What other man speaks so often and vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life; and being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the effects of it are generally so gross and absurd, that where pity does not forbid, 'tis pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turns and windings of the heart,
and

and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.

Next to these instances of self deceit and utter ignorance of our true disposition and character, which appears in not seeing *that* in ourselves which shocks us in another man, there is another species still more dangerous and delusive, and which the more guarded perpetually fall into from the judgments they make of different vices, according to their age and complexion, and the various ebbs and flows of their passions and desires.

To conceive this, let any man look into his own heart, and observe in how different a degree of detestation, numbers of actions stand there, though equally bad and vicious in themselves: he will soon find that such of them, as strong inclination or custom has prompted him to commit, are generally dressed out, and painted with all the false beauties which a soft and flattering hand can give them; and that the others, to which he feels no propensity, appear at once naked and deformed, sur-
D 4 rounded

rounded with all the true circumstances of their folly and dishonour.

When David surprized Saul sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe, we read, his heart smote him for what he had done—strange! it smote him not in the matter of Uriah, where it had so much stronger reason to take the alarm.—A whole year had almost passed from the first commission of that injustice, to the time the prophet was sent to reprove him—and we read not once of any remorse or compunction of heart for what he had done: and it is not to be doubted, had the same prophet met him when he was returning up out of the cave—and told him, that scrupulous and conscientious as he then seemed and thought himself to be, that he was deceiving himself, and was capable of committing the foulest and most dishonourable actions;—that he should one day murder a faithful and a valiant servant, whom he ought in justice to have loved and honoured,—that he should without pity first wound him in the tenderest part, by taking away his dearest possession,—and then unmercifully and treacherously rob

rob him of his life.——Had Nathan in a prophetic spirit foretold to David, that he was capable of this, and that he should one day actually do it, and from no other motive but the momentary gratification of a base and unworthy passion, he would have received the prediction with horror, and said possibly with Hazael upon just such another occasion, and with the same ignorance of himself——*What? is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing.* And yet in all likelihood, at that very time there wanted nothing but the same degree of temptation, and the same opportunity, to induce him to the sin which afterwards overcame him.

Thus the case stands with us still. When the passions are warmed, and the sin which presents itself exactly tallies to the desire, observe how impetuously a man will rush into it, and act against all principles of honour, justice and mercy.——Talk to him the moment after upon the nature of another vice to which he is not addicted, and from which perhaps his age, his temper, or rank in life secure him——

take notice, how well he reasons——with what equity he determines——what an honest indignation and sharpness he expresses against it, and how insensibly his anger kindles against the man who hath done this thing.

Thus are we nice in grains and scruples —— but knaves in matters of a pound weight——every day straining at gnats, yet swallowing camels——miserably cheating ourselves, and torturing our reason to bring us in such a report of the sin as suits the present appetite and inclination.

Most of us are aware of and pretend to detest the barefaced instances of that hypocrisy by which men deceive others, but few of us are upon our guard, or see that more fatal hypocrisy by which we deceive and over-reach our own hearts. It is a flattering and dangerous distemper, which has undone thousands——we bring the seeds of it along with us into the world——they insensibly grow up with us from our childhood——they lye long concealed

cealed and undisturbed, and have generally got such deep root in our natures by the time we are come to years of understanding and reflection, that it requires all we have got to defend ourselves from their effects.

To make the case still worse on our sides, 'tis with this as with every grievous distemper of the body—the remedies are dangerous and doubtful, in proportion to our mistakes and ignorance of the cause: for in the instances of self-deceit, though the head is sick, and the whole heart faint, the patient seldom knows what he ails:—of all the things we know and learn, this necessary knowledge comes to us the last.

Upon what principles it happens thus, I have endeavoured to lay open in the first part of this discourse; which I conclude with a serious exhortation to struggle against them; which we can only hope to do, by conversing more and oftener with ourselves, than the business and diversions of the world generally give us leave.

We

We have a chain of thoughts, desires, engagements and idlenesses, which perpetually return upon us in their proper time and order, — let us, I beseech you, assign and set apart some small portion of the day for this purpose——of retiring into ourselves, and searching into the dark corners and recesses of the heart, and taking notice of what is passing there. If a man can bring himself to do this task with a curious and impartial eye, he will quickly find the fruits of it will more than recompense his time and labour. He will see several irregularities and unsuspected passions within him which he never was aware of,——he will discover in his progress many secret turns and windings in his heart to which he was a stranger, which now gradually open and disclose themselves to him upon a nearer view ; in these labyrinths he will trace out such hidden springs and motives for many of his most applauded actions, as will make him rather sorry, and ashamed of himself, than proud.

In

In a word, he will understand *his errors*, and then see the necessity, with David, of imploring God to cleanse him from his secret faults—and with some hope and confidence to say, with this great man after his conviction — “ Try me, O
“ God! and seek the ground of my heart,
“ —prove me and examine my thoughts,
“ —look well if there be any way of
“ wickedness in me, and lead me in the
“ way everlasting.”

Now to God the Father, &c. &c.

It is a word, he will understand it
and when the necessity is
of bringing God to clear his
his letter again—and with some hope and
confidence to say, with the great man
after his conviction — "I am O
— God and his mercy and his
— and he will be the way of
— wickedness in me, and lead me to the
"way of life."

Now to God the Father, Amen

ADVERTISEMENT.

SERMON V.

A CHARITY SERMON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Sermon, with the following Dedication to the Lord Bishop of *Carlisle*, then Dean of *York*, was printed some Years ago, but was read by very few; it is therefore reprinted in this Collection.

TO THE
VERY REVEREND

Richard Osbaldeston, D. D.
Dean of York.

S I R,

I Have taken the liberty to inscribe this discourse to you, in testimony of the great respect which I owe to your character in general; and from a sense of what is due to it in particular from every member of the Church of YORK.

I wish I had as good a reason for doing that, which has given me the opportunity of making so publick and just an acknowledg-ment; being afraid there can be little left to be said upon the subject of Charity, which has not been often thought, and much better expressed by many who have gone before: and indeed, it seems so beaten and common a path, that it is not an easy matter for a new comer to distinguish himself in it, by any thing except the novelty of his Vehicle.

I beg,

DEDICATION.

I beg, however, Sir, your kind acceptance of it, and of the motives which have induced me to address it to you; one of which, I cannot conceal in justice to myself, because it has proceeded from the sense of many favours and civilities which I have received from you. I am,

Reverend Sir,

Your most obliged,

and faithful

Humble Servant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

SERMON V,

I KINGS xvii. 16.

And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord which he spake by the prophet Elijah.

THE words of the text are the record of a miracle wrought in behalf of the widow of Zerephath, who had charitably taken Elijah under her roof, and administered unto him in a time of great scarcity and distress. There is something very interesting and affectionate in the manner this story is related in holy writ; and as it concludes with a second still more remarkable proof of God's favour to the same person, in the restoration of her dead son to life, one cannot but consider both miracles as rewards of that act of piety, wrought by infinite power, and left upon record in scripture, not merely as testimonies of the prophet's divine mission, but likewise as two encouraging

raging instances of God Almighty's blessing upon works of charity and benevolence.

In this view I have made choice of this piece of sacred history, which I shall beg leave to make use of as the ground-work for an exhortation to charity in general: and that it may better answer the particular purpose of this solemnity, I will endeavour to enlarge upon it with such reflections, as, I trust in God, will excite some sentiments of compassion which may be profitable to so pious a design.

Elijah had fled from two dreadful evils, the approach of a famine, and the persecution of Ahab an enraged enemy: and in obedience to the command of God had hid himself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. In this safe and peaceful solitude, blessed with daily marks of God's providence, the holy man dwelt free both from the cares and glories of the world: by miraculous impulse *the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook;*

brook; till by continuance of drought, (the windows of heaven being shut up in those days for three years and six months, which was the natural cause likewise of the famine,) it came to pass after a while that the brook, the great fountain of his support, dried up; and he is again directed by the word of the Lord where to betake himself for shelter. He is commanded to arise and go to Zerephath, which belongeth to Zidon, with an assurance that he had disposed the heart of a widow-woman there to sustain him.

The prophet follows the call of his God:—the same hand which brought him to the gate of the city, had led also the poor widow out of her doors, oppressed with sorrow. She had come forth upon a melancholy errand, to make preparation to eat her last meal, and share it with her child.

No doubt, she had long fenced against this tragical event with all the thrifty management which self-preservation and parental love could inspire; full, no doubt, of cares and many tender apprehensions
left

lest her slender stock should fail them before the return of plenty.

But as she was a widow, having lost the only faithful friend who would best have assisted her in this virtuous struggle, the pressing necessity of the times at length overcame her; and she was just falling down an easy prey to it, when Elijah came to the place where she was. And he called unto her, and said, fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it, he called unto her and said, bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand. And she said, as the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse, and behold I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah said unto her, fear not, but go, and do as thou hast said; but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus says the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail

fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.

True charity is always unwilling to find excuses — else here was a fair opportunity of pleading many : she might have insisted over again upon her situation, which necessarily tied up her hands ; — she might have urged the unreasonableness of the request ; — that she was reduced to the lowest extremity already ; — and that it was contrary to justice and the first law of nature, to rob herself and child of their last morsel, and give it to a stranger.

But, in generous spirits, compassion is sometimes more than a ballance for self-preservation. For, as God certainly interwove that friendly softness in our nature to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love — so it seemed to operate here. — For it is observable, that though the prophet backed his request with the promise of an immediate recompence in multiplying her stock ; yet it is not evident, she was influenced
at

at all by that temptation. For if she had, doubtless it must have wrought such a mixture of self-interest into the motive of her compliance, as must greatly have allayed the merit of the action. But this I say, does not appear, but rather the contrary, from the reflection she makes upon the whole in the last verse of the chapter. *Now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.*

Besides as she was an inhabitant of Zerephath, (or, as it is called by St. Luke, Sarepta, subject to Sidon the metropolis of Phœnicia, without the bounds of God's people,) she had been brought up in gross darkness and idolatry, in utter ignorance of the Lord God of Israel: or if she had heard of his name, which is all that seems probable, she had been taught to disbelieve the mighty wonders of his hand, and was still less likely to believe his prophet.

Moreover she might argue, if this man by some secret mystery of his own,

or

or through the power of his God, is able to procure so preternatural a supply for me, whence comes it to pass, that he now stands in want himself, oppressed both with hunger and thirst?

It appears therefore, that she must have been wrought upon by an unmixed principle of humanity. — She looked upon him as a fellow-partner almost in the same affliction with herself. — She considered he had come a weary pilgrimage, in a sultry climate, through an exhausted country; where neither bread or water were to be had, but by acts of liberality. — That he had come an unknown traveller, and as a hard heart never wants a pretence, that this circumstance, which should rather have befriended, might have helped to oppress him. — She considered, for charity is ever fruitful in kind reasons, that he was now far from his own country, and had strayed out of the reach of the tender offices of some one who affectionately mourned his absence — her heart was touched with pity. — She turned in silence and *went and did according as he*

bad said. And behold, both she and he and her house did eat many days; or, as in the margin, one whole year. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, until the day that God sent rain upon the earth.

Though it may not seem necessary to raise conjectures here upon this event, yet it is natural to suppose, the danger of the famine being thus unexpectedly got over, that the mother began to look hopefully forwards upon the rest of her days. There were many widows in Israel at that time, when the heavens were shut up for three years and six months, yet, as St. Luke observes, *to none of them was the prophet sent, save to this widow of Sarepta*: in all likelihood, she would not be the last in making the same observation, and drawing from it some flattering conclusion in favour of her son. — Many a parent would build high, upon a worse foundation. —

“ Since the God of Israel has thus sent
 “ his own messenger to us in our distress,
 “ to pass by so many houses of his own
 “ people, and stop at mine, to save it
 “ in

“ in so miraculous a manner from de-
 “ struction; doubtless, this is but an
 “ earnest of his future kind intentions
 “ to us: at least, his goodness has de-
 “ creed to comfort my old age by the
 “ long life and health of my son: —
 “ but perhaps, he has something greater
 “ still in store for him, and I shall live
 “ to see the same hand hereafter crown
 “ his head with glory and honour?”

We may naturally suppose her innocent-
 ly carried away with such thoughts, when
 she is called back by an unexpected dis-
 temper which surprises her son, and in
 one moment brings down all her hopes—
*for his sickness was so sore that there was no
 breath left in him.* —

The expostulations of immoderate grief
 are seldom just — For, though Elijah had
 already preserved her son, as well as
 herself from immediate death, and was
 the last cause to be suspected of so sad an
 accident; yet the passionate mother in the
 first transport challenges him as the au-
 thor of her misfortune; — as if he had
 brought down sorrow upon a house, which

had so hospitably sheltered him. The prophet was too full of compassion, to make reply to so unkind an accusation. He takes the dead child *out of his mother's bosom, and laid him upon his own bed; and he cried unto the Lord and said, O Lord my God! hast thou brought evil upon the widow with whom I sojourn, by slaying her son?*

“ Is this the reward of all her charity
 “ and goodness? Thou hast before this
 “ robbed her of the dear partner of all
 “ her joys and all her cares; and now
 “ that she is a widow, and has most rea-
 “ son to expect thy protection; behold
 “ thou hast withdrawn her last prop:
 “ thou hast taken away her child, the
 “ only stay she had to rest on.” — *And Eliab cried unto God, and said, O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again.*

The prayer was urgent, and bespoke the distress of a humane mind deeply suffering in the misfortunes of another; — moreover his heart was rent with other passions. — He was zealous for the name and honour of his God, and thought
 not

not only his omnipotence, but his glorious attribute of mercy concerned in the event: for, oh! with what triumph would the prophets of Baal retort his own bitter taunt, and say, *his God was either talking, or he was pursuing, or was in a journey; or peradventure he slept and should have been awaked.* — he was moreover involved in the success of his prayer himself; — honest minds are most hurt by scandal. — And he was afraid, lest so foul a one, so unworthy of his character, might arise amongst the heathen, who would report with pleasure. “Lo!
 “the widow of Zerephath took the messenger of the God of Israel under
 “her roof, and kindly entertained him,
 “and see how she is rewarded; surely
 “the prophet was ungrateful, he wanted
 “power, or what is worse, he wanted
 “pity!”

Besides all this, he pleaded not only the cause of the widow; it was the cause of charity itself, which had received a deep wound already, and would suffer still more should God deny it this testimony of his favour. *So the Lord bearkned*

unto the voice of Elijah, and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived. And Elijah took the child and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother; and Elijah said, see thy son liveth.

It would be a pleasure to a good mind to stop here a moment, and figure to itself the picture of so joyful an event. — To behold on one hand the raptures of the parent, overcome with surprize and gratitude, and imagine how a sudden stroke of such impetuous joy must operate on a despairing countenance, long accustomed to sadness. — To conceive on the other side of the *piece*, the holy man approaching with the child in his arms — full of honest triumph in his looks, but sweetened with all the kind sympathy which a gentle nature could overflow with upon so happy an event. It is a subject one might recommend to the pencil of a great genius, and would even afford matter for description here; but that it would lead us too far from the particular purpose, for which I have enlarged

enlarged upon thus much of the story already; the chief design of which is to illustrate by a fact, what is evident both in reason and scripture, that a charitable and good action is seldom cast away, but that even in this life it is more than probable, that what is so scattered shall be gathered again with increase. *Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days. Be as a father unto the fatherless, and instead of a husband unto their mother, so shalt thou be as the son of the Most High, and he will love thee more than thy mother doth. Be mindful of good turns, for thou knowest not what evil shall come upon the earth; and when thou fallest thou shalt find a stay. It shall preserve thee from all affliction, and fight for thee against thy enemies better than a mighty shield and a strong spear.*

The great instability of temporal affairs, and constant fluctuation of every thing in this world, afford perpetual occasions, of taking refuge in such a security.

What by successive misfortunes ; by failings and cross accidents in trade ; by miscarriage of projects :——what by unfuitable expences of parents, extravagance of children, and the many other secret ways whereby riches make themselves wings and fly away ; so many surprising revolutions do every day happen in families, that it may not seem strange to say, that the posterity of some of the most liberal contributors here, in the changes which one century may produce, may possibly find shelter under this very plant which they now so kindly water. Nay, so quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

But besides this, and exclusive of the right which God's promise gives it to protection hereafter, charity and benevolence, in the ordinary chain of effects, have a natural and more immediate tendency in themselves to rescue a man from the accidents of the world, by softening the hearts, and winning every man's wishes to its interest. When
a com-

a compassionate man falls, who would not pity him? Who, that had power to do it, would not befriend and raise him up? Or could the most barbarous temper offer an insult to his distress without pain and reluctance? So that it is almost a wonder that covetousness, even in spight of itself, does not sometimes argue a man into charity, by its own principle of looking forwards, and the firm expectation it would delight in of receiving its own again with usury. — So evident is it in the course of God's providence and the natural stream of things, that a good office one time or other generally meets with a reward. — Generally, did I say — how can it ever fail? — When besides all this, so large a share of the recompence is so inseparable even from the action itself. Ask the man who has a tear of tenderness always ready to shed over the unfortunate; who, withal, is ready to distribute and willing to communicate: Ask him if the best things, which wits have said of pleasure, have expressed what he has felt, when by a seasonable kindness, he has *made the heart of the widow sing for joy.* Mark then the expressions of unutterable

pleasure and harmony in his looks ; and say, whether Solomon has not fixed the point of true enjoyment in the right place, when he declares, “ That he knew no
 “ good there was in any of the riches or
 “ honours of this world, *but for a man to*
 “ *do good with them in his life.*” Nor was it without reason he made this judgment.

— Doubtless he had found and seen the insufficiency of all sensual pleasures ; how unable to furnish either a rational or a lasting scheme of happiness : How soon the best of them vanished ; the less exceptionable in vanity, but the guilty both *in vanity and vexation of spirit.* But that this was of so pure and refined a nature it burned without consuming : It was figuratively *the widow’s barrel of meal which wasted not, and cruse of oil which never failed.*

It is not an easy matter to add weight to the testimony of *the wisest man*, upon the pleasure of doing good ; or else the evidence of the philosopher Epicurus is very remarkable, whose word in this matter is the more to be trusted, because a professed sensualist ; who amidst all the
 de-

delicacies and improvements of pleasure which a luxuriant fancy might strike out, still maintained, that the best way of enlarging human happiness was, by a communication of it to others.

And if it was necessary here, or there was time to refine upon this doctrine, one might further maintain, exclusive of the happiness which the mind itself feels in the exercise of this virtue, that the very body of man is never in a better state than when he is most inclined to do good offices: — That as nothing more contributes to health than a benevolence of temper, so nothing generally was a stronger indication of it.

And what seems to confirm this opinion, is an observation, the truth of which must be submitted to every one's reflection — namely — that a disinclination and backwardness to do good, is often attended, if not produced, by an indisposition of the animal as well as rational part of us: — So naturally do the soul and body, as in other cases so in this, mutually befriend, or prey upon each other. And indeed,

indeed, setting aside all abstruser reasoning upon the point, I cannot conceive, but that the very *mechanical motions* which maintain life, must be performed with more equal vigour and freedom in that man whom a great and good soul perpetually inclines to shew mercy to the miserable, than they can be in a poor, sordid, selfish wretch, whose little, contracted heart, melts at no man's affliction; but sits brooding so intently over its own plots and concerns, as to see and feel nothing; and in truth, enjoy nothing beyond himself: And of whom one may say what that great master of nature has, speaking of a natural sense of harmony, which I think, with more justice may be said of compassion, that the man who had it not, —

“ — *Was fit for treasons, stratagems*

“ *and spoils:*

“ *The MOTIONS of his spirits are dull as*

“ *night;*

“ *And his affections dark as EREBUS:*

“ — *Let no such man be trusted. —*

What

What divines say of the mind, naturalists have observed of the body; that there is no passion so natural to it as love, which is the principle of doing good; — and though instances like this just mentioned seem far from being proofs of it, yet it is not to be doubted, but that every hard hearted man has felt much inward opposition before he could prevail upon himself to do aught to fix and deserve the character: And that what we say of long habits of vice, that they are hard to be subdued, may with equal truth be said concerning the natural impressions of benevolence, that a man must do much violence to himself, and suffer many a painful struggle, before he can tear away so great and noble a part of his nature. — Of this, antiquity has preserved a beautiful instance in an anecdote of Alexander, the tyrant of Pheres, who though he had so industriously hardened his heart, as to seem to take delight in cruelty, insomuch as to murder many of his subjects every day, without cause and without pity; yet, at the bare representation of a tragedy which related the mis-

misfortunes of Hecuba and Andromachie, he was so touched with the fictitious distress which the poet had wrought up in it, that he burst out into a flood of tears. The explication of which inconsistency is easy, and casts as great a lustre upon human nature, as the man himself was a disgrace to it. The case seems to have been this: In *real* life he had been blinded with passions, and thoughtlessly hurried on by interest or resentment: — But here, there was no room for motives of that kind; so that his attention being first caught hold of, and all his vices laid asleep; — then NATURE awoke in triumph, and shewed how deeply she had sown the seeds of compassion in every man's breast; when tyrants, with vices the most at enmity with it, were not able entirely to root it out.

But this is painting an amiable virtue, and setting her off, with shades which wickedness lends us, when one might safely trust to the force of her own natural charms, and ask, whether any thing
under

under Heaven in its own nature, is more lovely and engaging? — To illustrate this the more, let us turn our thoughts within ourselves; and for a moment, let any number of us here imagine ourselves at this instant engaged in drawing the most perfect and amiable character, such, as according to our conceptions of the deity, we should think most acceptable to him, and most likely to be universally admired by all mankind. — I appeal to your own thoughts, whether the first idea which offered itself to most of our imaginations, would not be that of a compassionate benefactor, stretching forth his hands to raise up the helpless orphan? Whatever other virtues we should give our hero, we should all agree in making him a generous friend, who thought the opportunities of doing good to be the only charm of his prosperity: We should paint him like the psalmist's *river of God* overflowing the thirsty parts of the earth, that he might enrich them, carrying plenty and gladness along with him. If this was not sufficient, and we were still desirous of adding a farther degree of perfection to so great a character; we should
en-

endeavour to think of some one, if human nature could furnish such a pattern, who, if occasion required, was willing to undergo all kinds of affliction, to sacrifice himself, to forget his dearest interests, and even lay down his life for the good of mankind. — And here, — O merciful SAVIOUR! How would the bright original of thy unbounded goodness break in upon our hearts? *Thou who becamest poor, that we might be rich* — though Lord of all this world, yet *hadst not where to lay thy head.* — And though equal in power and glory to the great GOD of NATURE, yet *madest thyself of no reputation, tookest upon thee the form of a servant,* — submitting thyself, without opening thy mouth, to all the indignities which a thankless and undiscerning people could offer; and at length, to accomplish our salvation, *becamest obedient unto death, suffering thyself, as on this day*, to be led like a lamb to the slaughter!*

The consideration of this stupendous instance of compassion, in the Son of God, is the most unanswerable appeal that

* Preached on Good Friday.

that can be made to the heart of man, for the reasonableness of it in himself. — It is the great argument which the apostles use in almost all their exhortations to good works. — *Beloved, if Christ so loved us* — the inference is unavoidable; and gives strength and beauty to every thing else which can be urged upon the subject. And therefore I have reserved it for my last and warmest appeal, with which I would gladly finish this discourse; that at last for their sakes for whom it is preached, we might be left to the full impression of so exalted and so reasonable a motive. — That by reflecting upon the infinite labour of this day's love, in the instance of CHRIST's death, we may consider what an immense debt we owe each other: And by calling to mind the amiable pattern of his life, in doing good, we might learn in what manner we may best discharge it.

And indeed, of all the methods in which a good mind would be willing to do it, I believe there can be none more beneficial, or comprehensive in its effects, than that for which we are here me

together. — The proper education of poor children being the ground-work of almost every other kind of charity, as that which makes every other subsequent act of it answer the pious expectation of the giver.

Without this foundation first laid, how much kindness in the progress of a benevolent man's life is unavoidably cast away? And sometimes where it is as senseless as the exposing a tender plant to all the inclemencies of a cruel season, and then going with sorrow to take it in, when the root is already dead. I said, therefore this was the foundation of almost every kind of charity, — and might not one have added, of all policy too? Since the many ill consequences which attend the want of it, though grievously felt by the parties themselves, are no less so by the community of which they are members; and moreover, of all mischiefs seem the hardest to be redressed. — Inasmuch, that when one considers the disloyal seductions of popery on one hand, and on the other, that no bad man, whatever he professes, can be a good subject, one may venture

to say, it had been cheaper and better for the nation to have bore the expence of instilling sound principles and good morals, into the neglected children of the lower sort, especially in some parts of Great-Britain, than to be obliged, so often as we have been within this last century, to rise up and arm ourselves against the rebellious effects which the want of them have brought down even to our doors. And in fact, if we are to trust antiquity, the truth of which in this case we have no reason to dispute, this matter has been looked upon of such vast importance to the civil happiness and peace of a people, that some commonwealths, the most eminent for political wisdom, have chose to make a publick concern of it ; thinking it much safer to be entrusted to the prudence of the magistrate, than to the mistaken tendernefs or natural partiality of the parent.

It was consistent with this, and bespoke a very refined sense of policy in the Lacedæmonians, (though by the way, I believe,

believe, different from what more modern politics would have directed in like circumstances) when Antipater demanded of them fifty children, as hostages for the security of a distant engagement, they made this brave and wise answer, "They would not, — they could not consent : — They would rather give him double the number of their best up-grown men" — Intimating, that however they were distressed, they would chuse any inconvenience rather than suffer the loss of their country's education ; and the opportunity (which if once lost can never be regained) of giving their youth an early tincture of religion, and bringing them up to a love of industry and a love of the laws and constitution of their country. — If this shews the great importance of a proper education to children of all ranks and conditions, what shall we say then of those whom the providence of God has placed in the very lowest lot of life, utterly cast out of the way of knowledge, without a parent — sometimes may be without a friend to guide and instruct them ; but what

what common pity and the necessity of their sad situation engages : — Where the dangers which surround them on every side are so great and many, that for one fortunate passenger in life, who makes his way well in the world with such early disadvantages and so dismal a setting out, we may reckon thousands who every day suffer shipwreck, and are lost for ever.

If there is a case under Heaven which calls out aloud for the more immediate exercise of compassion, and which may be looked upon as the compendium of all charity, surely it is this : And I'm persuaded there would want nothing more to convince the greatest enemy to these kinds of charities that it is so, but a bare opportunity of taking a nearer view of some of the more distressful objects of it.

Let him go into the dwellings of the unfortunate, into some mournful cottage, where poverty and affliction reign together. There let him behold the disconsolate widow — sitting — steeped in tears;
— thus

— thus sorrowing over the infant, she
 knows not how to succour — “ O my
 “ child, thou art now left exposed to a
 “ wide and a vicious world, too full of
 “ snares and temptations for thy tender
 “ and unpractised age. Perhaps a pa-
 “ rent’s love may magnify those dangers.
 “ — But when I consider thou art driven
 “ out naked into the midst of them,
 “ without friends, without fortune, with-
 “ out instruction, my heart bleeds be-
 “ forehand for the evils which may come
 “ upon thee. God, in whom we trusted,
 “ is witness, so low had his providence
 “ placed us, that we never indulged one
 “ wish to have made thee rich, — vir-
 “ tuous we would have made thee; —
 “ for thy father, *my husband, was a good*
 “ *man and feared the Lord,* — and though
 “ all the fruits of his care and industry
 “ were little enough for our support,
 “ yet he honestly had determined to have
 “ spared some portion of it, scanty as
 “ it was, to have placed thee safely in
 “ the way of knowledge and instruction
 “ — But alas! he is gone from us, never
 “ to return more, and with him are fled
 “ the

“the means of doing it: — For, *Behold the creditor is come upon us, to take all that we have.*” — Grief is eloquent, and will not easily be imitated. — But let the man, who is the least friend to distresses of this nature, conceive some disconsolate widow uttering her complaint even in this manner, and then let him consider, *if there is any sorrow like this sorrow, wherewith the Lord has afflicted her?* Or, whether there can be any charity like that, of taking *the child out of the mother's bosom*, and rescuing her from these apprehensions. Should a heathen, a stranger to our holy religion and the love it teaches, should he, *as he journeyed come to the place where she lay, when he saw, would he not have compassion on her?* God forbid, a christian should *this day want it;* or at any time *look upon such a distress, and pass by on the other side.*

Rather, let him do, as his Saviour taught him, *bind up the wounds, and pour comfort into the heart of one, whom the hand of God has so bruised.* Let him practise what it is, with Elijah's transport, to say to the afflicted widow — *See, thy son*

son liveth! — liveth by my charity, and the bounty of this hour, to all the purposes which make life desirable, — to be made a good man, and a profitable subject: On one hand to be trained up to such a sense of his duty, as may secure him an interest in the world to come; and with regard to this world, to be so brought up in it, to a love of honest labour and industry, as all his life long to earn and eat his bread with joy and thankfulness.

“ Much peace and happiness rest upon
 “ the head and heart of every one who
 “ thus brings children to CHRIST. —
 “ May the blessing of him that was ready
 “ to perish come seasonably upon him. —
 “ The Lord comfort him, *when he most*
 “ *wants it*, when he lays sick upon his
 “ bed; make thou, O God! his bed
 “ in all his sickness; and for what he now
 “ scatters, give him, then, that peace of
 “ thine which passeth all understanding,
 “ and which nothing in this world can
 “ either give or take away.” *Amen.*

S E R-

S E R M O N VI.

Pharisee and Publican in the
Temple.

LUKE xviii. 14. 1st part.

*I tell you, this man went down to his house,
justified rather than the other: —*

TH E S E words are the judgment which our SAVIOUR has left upon the behaviour and different degrees of merit in the two men, the pharisee and publican, whom he represents in the foregoing parable as going up into the temple to pray; in what manner they discharged this great and solemn duty, will best be seen from a consideration of the prayer, which each is said to have addressed to God upon the occasion.

The pharisee, instead of an act of humiliation in that awful presence before which he stood, — with an air of triumph and self-sufficiency, thanks GOD that he had not made him like others — extor-

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tioners, adulterers, unjust, or even as this publican. — The publican is represented as standing afar off, and with a heart touched with humility from a just sense of his own unworthiness, is said only to have smote upon his breast, saying — God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, adds our SAVIOUR, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other.

Though the justice of this determination strikes every one at first sight, it may not be amiss to enter into a more particular examination of the evidence and reasons upon which it might be founded, not only because it may place the equity of this decision in favour of the publican in a stronger light, but that the subject seems likely to lead me to a train of reflections not unsuitable to the solemnity of the season *.

The pharisee was one of that sect, who in our SAVIOUR's time, what by the austerity of their lives — their public alms-deeds, and greater pretences to piety than other men, had gradually wrought themselves

* Preached in *Lent*.

selves into much credit and reputation with the people : and indeed as the bulk of these are easily caught with appearances, their character seems to have been admirably well suited to such a purpose. — If you looked no farther than the outward part of it, you would think it made up of all goodness and perfection ; an uncommon sanctity of life, guarded by great decorum and severity of manners, — profuse and frequent charities to the poor, — many acts of religion, much observance of the law — much abstinence — much prayer. —

It is painful to suspect the appearance of so much good — and would have been so here, had not our blessed SAVIOUR left us their real character upon record, and drawn up by himself in one word — that the sect were like whitened sepulchres, all fair and beautiful without, and enriched there with whatever could attract the eye of the beholder ; but, when searched within, were full of corruption and of whatever could shock and disgust the searcher. So that with all their affectation of piety, and more extraordinary strictness and regularity in

their outward deportment, all was irregular and uncultivated within — and all these fair pretences, how promising soever, blasted by the indulgence of the worst of human passions ; — pride — spiritual pride, the worst of all pride — hypocrisy, self-love, covetousness, extortion, cruelty and revenge. What pity it is that the sacred name of religion should ever have been borrowed, and employed in so bad a work, as in covering over such a black catalogue of vices — or that the fair form of virtue should have been thus disgraced and for ever drawn into suspicion, from the unworthy uses of this kind, to which the artful and abandoned have often put her. The pharisee seems to have had not many scruples of this kind, and the prayer he makes use of in the temple is a true picture of the man's heart, and shews with what a disposition and frame of mind he came to worship. —

God ! I thank thee that thou hast formed me of different materials from the rest of my species, whom thou hast
created

created frail and vain by nature, but by choice and disposition utterly corrupt and wicked.

Me, thou hast fashioned in a different mould, and hast infused so large a portion of thy spirit into me, lo! I am raised above the temptations and desires to which flesh and blood are subject—I thank thee that thou hast made me thus—not a frail vessel of clay, like that of other men—or even this publican, but that I stand here a chosen and sanctified vessel unto thee.

After this obvious paraphrase upon the words, which speaks no more than the true spirit of the pharisee's prayer,—you will naturally ask what reason was there for all this triumph—or what foundation could he have to insult in this manner over the infirmities of mankind—or even those of the humble publican who stood before him?—why, says he, I give tithes of all that I possess.—Truly a very indifferent account of himself—and if that was all he had to offer in his own behalf, God knows, it was but

a weak foundation to support so much arrogance and self-conceit ; because the observance of both the one and the other of these ordinances might be supposed well enough to be consistent with the most profligate of life and manners.

The conduct and behaviour of the publican appears very different—and indeed as much the reverse to this, as you could conceive. But before we enter upon that, as I have spoke largely to the character of the pharisee, 'twill be but justice to say a word or two in general to his.—The publican was one of that order of men employed by the Roman emperors in levying the taxes and contributions which were from time to time exacted from Judea as a conquered nation. Whether, from the particular fate of that employment, owing to the fixed aversion which men have to part with what is their own, or from whatever other causes it happened—so it was, that the whole set of men were odious, insomuch that the name of a publican was a term of reproach and infamy amongst the Jews.

Perhaps

Perhaps the many instances of rigour to which their office might direct them—heightened sometimes by a mixture of cruelty and insolence of their own—and possibly always made to appear worse than they were by the loud clamours and misrepresentations of others—all might have contributed to form and fix this odium. But it was here no doubt, as in all other classes of men, whose professions expose them to more temptations than that of others—that there are numbers who still behave well, and who, amidst all the snares and opportunities which lye in their way,—pass through them, not only with an unblemished character, but with the inward testimony of a good conscience.

The publican in all likelihood was one of these—and the sentiments of candour and humility which the view of his condition inspired, are such as could come only from a heart and character thus described.

He

He goes up into the temple to pay his sacrifice of prayer — in the discharge of which, he pleads no merit of his own — enters into no comparison with others, — or justification of himself with God, but in reverence to that holier part of the temple where his presence was supposed more immediately to be displayed——he keeps afar off—is afraid to lift up his eyes towards heaven——but smites upon his breast, and in a short but fervent ejaculation—submissively begs God to have mercy upon his sins. O God! how precious! how amiable! is true humility? what a difference in thy sight does it make to consist betwixt man and man! Pride was not made for a creature with such manifold imperfections — religious pride is a dress which still worse becomes him——because, of all others, it is that to which he has least pretence——the best of us fall seven times a day, and thereby add some degree of unprofitableness to the character of those who do all that is commanded them——was I perfect therefore, says Job, I would not know my soul, I would.

would be silent, I would be ignorant of my own righteousness, for should I say I was perfect, it would prove me to be perverse. From this introduction I will take occasion to recommend this virtue of religious humility which so naturally falls from the subject, and which cannot more effectually be enforced, than by an enquiry into the chief causes which produce the opposite vice to it—that of spiritual pride —— for in this malady of the mind of man——the case is parallel with most others of his body, the dangers of which can never rightly be apprehended; or can remedies be applied either with judgment or success, till they are traced back to their first principles, and the seeds of the disorder are laid open and considered. And first, I believe, one of the most general causes of spiritual pride, is that which seems to have misled the pharisee——a mistaken notion of the true principles of his religion. He thought, no doubt, that the whole of it was comprehended in the two articles of paying tythes and frequent fasting, and that when he had discharged his conscience of them—he had done all that

that was required at his hands, and might with reason go, and thank God that he had not made him like others. — It is not to be questioned, but through force of this error, the pharisee might think himself to be, what he pretended, a religious and upright man. — For however he might be brought to act a double and insincere part in the eyes of men upon worldly views — it is not to be supposed — that when he stood by himself, apart in the temple, and no witnesses of what passed between him and his God — that he should knowingly and wilfully have dared to act so open and barefaced a scene of mockery in the face of Heaven. This is scarce probable — and therefore it must have been owing to some delusion in his education, which had early implanted in his mind false and wretched notions of the essentials of religion — which as he grew up had proved the seeds of infinite error, both in practice and speculation. —

With the rest of his sect, he had been so principled and instructed as to observe a scrupulous nicety and most religious exactness

exactness in the lesser matters of his religion — its frequent washings — its fastings and other external rites of no merit in themselves — but to be exempted, from the more troublesome exactness in the weightier matters of the law, which were of eternal and unchangeable obligation. So that, they were in truth blind guides — who thus would strain at a gnat and yet swallow a camel, and as our SAVIOUR reproves them from a familiar instance of domestick inconsistency — would make clean the outside of the cup and platter — yet suffer the inside — the most material part, to be full of corruption and excess. From this knowledge of the character and principles of the pharisee, 'tis easy to account for his sentiments and behaviour in the temple, which were just such as they would have led one to have expected.

Thus it has always happened, by a fatality common to all such abuses of religion as make it to consist in external rites and ceremonies more than inward purity and integrity of heart. — As these
outward

outward things are easily put in practice — and capable of being attained to, without much capacity, or much opposition to flesh and blood — it too naturally betrays the professors of it into a groundless persuasion of their own godliness and a despicable one of that of others, in their religious capacities, and the relations in which they stand towards God : which is the very definition of spiritual pride.

When the true heat and spirit of devotion is thus lost and extinguished under a cloud of ostentatious ceremonies and gestures, as is remarkable in the Roman church — where the celebration of high mass, when set off to the best advantage with all its scenical decorations and finery, looks more like a theatrical performance, than that humble and solemn appeal which dust and ashes are offering up to the throne of God, — when religion I say, is thus clogged and bore down by such a weight of ceremonies — it is much easier to put in pretensions to holiness upon such a mechanical system as is left of it, than where the character is only to be got and maintained

tained by a painful conflict and perpetual war against the passions. 'Tis easier, for instance, for a zealous papist to cross himself and tell his beads, than for an humble protestant to subdue the lusts of anger, intemperance, cruelty and revenge, to appear before his maker with that preparation of mind which becomes him. The operation of being sprinkled with holy water, is not so difficult in itself, as that of being chaste and spotless within — conscious of no dirty thought or dishonest action. 'Tis a much shorter way to kneel down at a confessional and receive absolution — than to live so as to deserve it — not at the hands of men — but at the hands of God — who sees the heart and cannot be imposed on. — The achievement of keeping lent, or abstaining from flesh on certain days, is not so hard, as that of abstaining from the works of it at all times — especially, as the point is generally managed amongst the richer sort with such art and epicurism at their tables — and with such indulgence to a poor mortified appetite — that an entertainment upon a fast is much

more likely to produce a *surfeit* than a fit of sorrow.

One might run the parallel much farther, but this may be sufficient to shew how dangerous and delusive these mistakes are — how apt to mislead and overset weak minds, which are ever apt to be caught by the pomp of such external parts of religion. — This is so evident, that even in our own church, where there is the greatest chastity in things of this nature — and of which none are retained in our worship, but what I believe tend to excite and assist it — yet so strong a propensity is there in our nature to sense — and so unequal a match is the understanding of the bulk of mankind, for the impressions of outward things — that we see thousands who every day mistake the shadow for the substance, and was it fairly put to the trial would exchange the reality for the appearance.

You see, this was almost universally the case of the Jewish church — where, for want of proper guard and distinction betwixt the means of religion and religion itself,

itself, the ceremonial part in time eat away the moral part, and left nothing but a shadow behind. — 'Tis to be feared the buffooneries of the Romish church, bid fair to do it the same ill office, to the disgrace and utter ruin of christianity wherever popery is established. What then remains, but that we rectify these gross and pernicious notions of religion, and place it upon its true bottom, which we can only do, by bringing back religion to that cool point of reason which first shewed us its obligation — by always remembering that God is a spirit — and must be worshipped suitable to his nature, *i. e.* in spirit and in truth — and that the most acceptable sacrifice we can offer him is a virtuous and an upright mind — and however necessary it is, not to leave the ceremonial and positive parts of religion undone — yet not like the pharisee to rest there — and omit the weightier matters, but keep this in view perpetually, that though the instrumental duties are duties of unquestionable obligation to us — yet they are still but INSTRUMENTAL DUTIES, conducive

cive to the great end of all religion — which is to purify our hearts — and conquer our passions — and in a word, to make us wiser and better men — better neighbours — better citizens — and better servants to God. — To whom, &c.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.